



A NEW SONG CALLED THE CONVICT ON THE ISLE OF FRANCE

The sun in the east became far advanc'd
When a convict came to the Isle of France,
And on his leg was a ring & chain,
And his country was the shamrock green

The coast guards stood on the beach
The convict boat came within his reach
The ring and chain did shine and spark
That open'd the veins of the coast guard's heart

The coast guard towards him did advance
The tears from his eyes they flow'd like rain
He says young man I really think
That was too soon upon the raging seas

I belong to the Shamrock the convict cried
That you belong to the Shamrock shore
Condemned an exile I have been
Because I lov'd the Shamrock green

The coast guard said I do deplore
For the oppression on Erin's shore
Altho the Magistrate is far advanc'd
You will find a friend on the Isle of France

God bless the coast guard the convict cried
That saved my life from the swelling tide
Altho the night is far advanc'd
You have cheer'd my heart on the Isle of France

A speedy letter sent to the Queen
About the escape of the Shamrock green
His pardon came by a speedy post
To the absent they thought was lost

My pardon I have gain'd once more
Now land'ed on my native shore
And with a grateful heart I'll cast a glance
Towards the generous coast-guard of the Isle of France